
Saving

One of the Steps to Success

ALL YOUNG PEOPLE IN HIGH SCHOOL are making plans for a successful future. These plans . . . whether they involve more education, going into business, or starting a home, require money.

Take a step in the right direction by opening a Savings Account of your own. A few dollars deposited regularly will mean a substantial amount when you are ready for it. It takes only \$1.00 to open your account. You'll be proud you did later on!

Latest Dividend at the rate of $2\frac{1}{2}\%$.

We are an old institution that welcomes Young People

**BERKSHIRE
SAVINGS**



**COUNTY
BANK**

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



April 1950

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The Student's Form



April 1950

The Student's Pen

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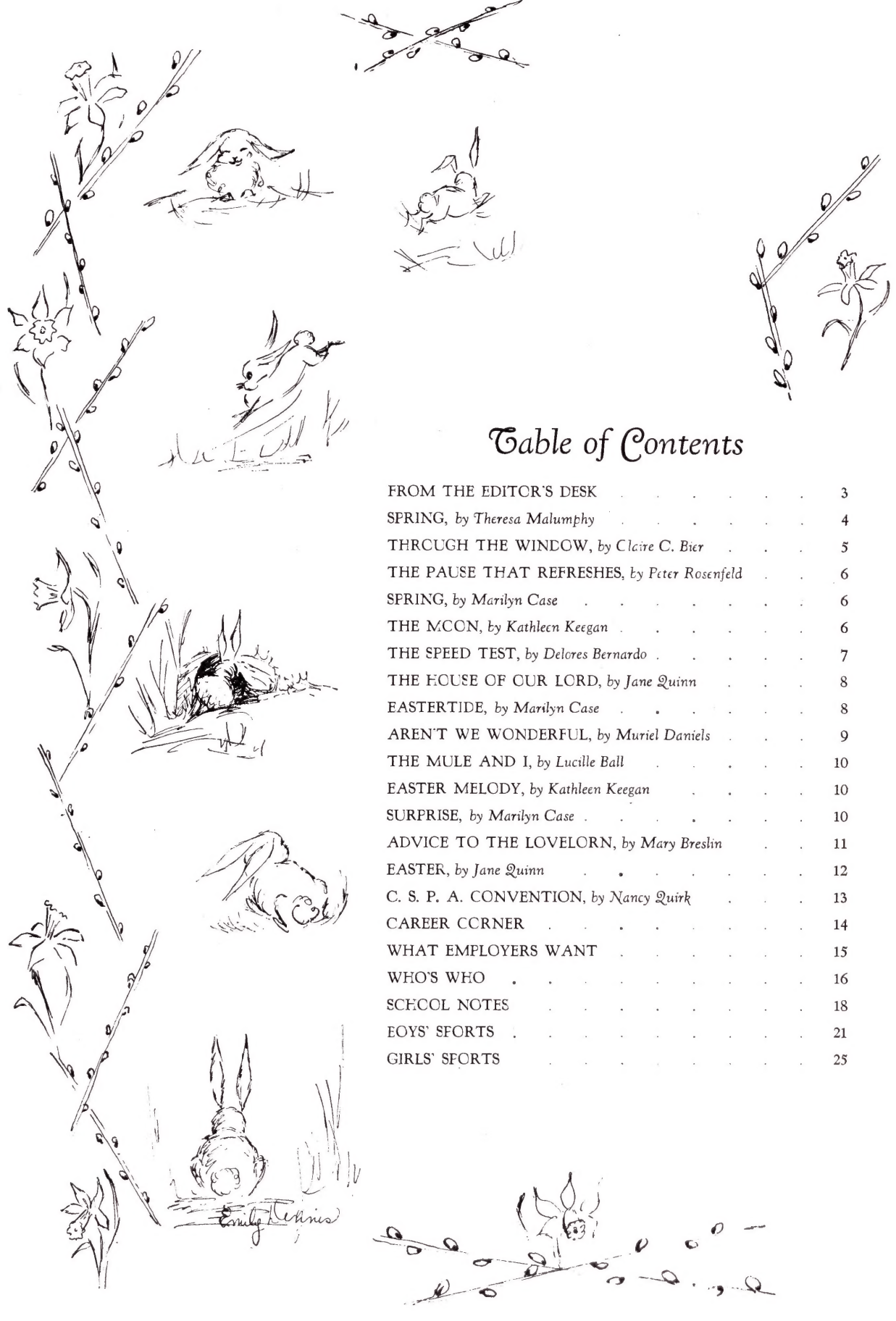


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From the EDITORS DESK

After Graduation ?

By Faith Whiting, '50

DOCTOR, lawyer, merchant, chief—
which will it be?

Within a few years we shall all be making one of the major decisions of life—that of choosing a career or life work. Some of us have already made this decision, but many are still puzzled as to what to do after high school.

That's why we have Career Week each year—to give students an opportunity to hear about jobs they are interested in from people who have already succeeded in those fields. During the next week, a wide selection of speakers from in and around Pittsfield will come to high school to speak about their jobs and confer with interested pupils.

"How shall I ever find the right job for me?" you may be asking. There's no such thing as a job all wrapped up in a package waiting for you. But the world's work is wide. There are big divisions—production, distribution, service. In each division there are thousands of jobs, all at different levels and calling for different talent.

Within reasonable limits any boy or girl has the potentialities to succeed in any occupation, if he wants to badly enough. Your problem is to find out which jobs have the most interest for you, and which jobs hold the greater future promises. There have been so many economic, social, and scientific changes in the last couple of generations, that the how, when, and where of job planning can be a real puzzle.

However, the experts have been at work and developed a battery of tests to help weigh your interests. Most of the seniors took these tests last fall, and the freshman class took them only a short while ago. If the results were best in engineering and worst in dentistry, this does not mean that one can succeed only as an engineer. These results mean that it would be unwise to go into dentistry; that success is more likely in engineering and allied fields. The tests give the student a better idea of what he is really like, and how he can measure up to the qualities required in various kinds of work. Testing does not always give the answer, but it often is a big help.

Books on various careers are helpful. The school library has many of these,—all of them readable and informative. Visits to local offices, banks, and industries might aid one in coming to a decision. The heads of most businesses are eager to show young people what is going on, and to explain what is required of their employees.

The most important point is that the student spend much time and thought deciding what he will do after graduation. Next week's career conferences can be a wonderful help if one has doubts or questions in mind. But remember,—the choice of your future career rests with you. You, and only you, are the one to decide. Gone are the days when Papa said, "I'm a lawyer, and Willie's going to follow in my footsteps!"

Spring

By Theresa Malumphy, '50

SPRING, the season of awakening and rebirth, is gladly welcomed by everyone, especially by us in the Berkshires. Spring here is like a shy, quiet little girl, unnoticed until the shock of her achievement brings her to our attention.

The first marked evidence of her presence is on the hillside. The snow disappears, seemingly gathered by a giant hand and deposited in the spring freshets, which are ribbons of flowing silver in the afternoon sun. The hills are left barren and brown. Then suddenly, miraculously, they are transformed into a brilliant but soft green, dotted with patches of the snow of spring, the May flowers. Even the sky above changes. It is a darker, warmer blue.

Along the edge of the pond the pussy willows make their official announcement that spring is at last here. The ice has left the pond, and the water glistens in the April sun as though sprinkled with millions of diamonds. Its deep blue makes it extremely hard for the swimmer to resist, but he knows that the water is icy cold, and he restrains his impulse.

After a soft and seemingly vitamin-filled rain, the buds on the trees burst forth in tender shades of green. Even the ground itself is different. The mud in our driveways is patiently tolerated while sloshed through each morning, because the air, sky, and the surrounding electrifying newness soften its inconvenience.

The birds, returning from the South, fill the air with their song, the males fluting it boldly to woo the coy females. The business-like way in which they flit about gathering material for their homes puts to shame us who are annually afflicted with spring fever.

The flower gardens are released from their winter prison-like covering of leaves, and

one can almost hear them growing. The crocuses push their yellowish-green heads through the ground and bless us with their beauty.

Spring with its sudden burst of new life, should be contagious. Most of us, however, are affected in the opposite way. We become lethargic and indulge in great expeditions into the land of daydreams. The more ambitious mortals drag out garden tools and begin to plan with anticipation a summer's work.

Small boys get their baseball equipment assembled, and marbles make their annual appearance. Regardless of boys' spring pursuits, they come home muddy and grimy, but happy because they, too, have awakened to their own interests in this season of new life.

Even indoors spring makes its appearance. Mother wages her annual campaign against dirt and even enlists the other members of the family in an enthusiastic and thorough housecleaning—so enthusiastic that one is forced to keep a watchful eye lest his various trivial souvenirs be thrown out.

Spring may be regarded by many of us merely as a forerunner of the fertile months ahead. To the majority, however, spring with its newness and freshness is the most beautiful season of the year.



Through the Window

By Claire C. Bier

COLDLY, and with carefully studied cruelty, the relentless clang of the alarm clock jarred Laura out of her fitful sleep. Reluctantly one eyelid flickered open and stole a short, fleeting glance at the culprit clock. Next, one foot unwillingly crept from beneath the warm covers and came to rest on the cold floor.

Finally up, she yawned her way sleepily to the window to see what the new day was like. A bleak, cheerless morning greeted her.

"Another day. Another dreary, unending eternity. Again to school, then home, homework, and bed. And tomorrow the same dull routine all over again. Will the stifling monotony of my life never end?"

Laura's thoughts as she stared unseeingly through the window pane were the same heavy, lethargic contemplations that often tortured her mind. But they quickly ended with another glance at the disturbing clock.

Laura rushed quickly through the tedious routine of dressing and breakfast, then stepped out into the new day. The March winds nipped at her cheeks and swirled coldly around her legs.

The few blocks to school were quickly passed and Laura went into the large, red-brick building with its unemotional, dark doors and walls. The impersonal rows of lockers gave no sign of welcome, and no smile rose to the blank faces of the children. The equally impersonal teachers were too busy with their own troubles to care about the worries of their pupils.

The cruel clamor of the bell once more roused Laura from her meditations and sent her to the first period class. She looked around her while the disinterested instructor droned on and on into the closed ears of the unhearing children, who were gazing off into space. The monotony of the day seemed to be reflected in the lethargy of the surrounding

faces. Slowly, each period dragged on, one the dreary duplicate of the other.

Finally that all-welcome buzz signaled the end of the school day, but even then Laura could find no commiseration in the stony faces of her fellow prisoners, now released from servitude. Alone in that mad stampede of humanity, rushed along by the crowd, Laura reflected on the cold and miserable day. The stinging wet and biting wind at her back resolutely pushed the girl homeward and soon the round of homework, supper, and more home work was under way. The evening over, Laura was ready for bed. Once again the window saw a lonely, discontented creature staring desolately outward. Laura was staring into the darkness and painfully ruminating over the day's events and those of the preceding days and weeks. Their sameness, their never-changing monotony made Laura restless, unhappy, and miserable. Each day was so typically late-wintery—cold, biting, and wet.

A mere second later, or so it seemed, the merciless alarm clock again broke the stillness with its clang. The daily routine started anew as the girl sleepily staggered to the window for a preview of the day.

"Probably another dull, dreary twenty-four hours like all the previous ones," thought Laura. Suddenly a bright, amazingly cheerful sound reached her through the open window. "What was that? There it is again—yes, oh yes, it is the chirp of a robin! The robins—why, spring must be here again . . . Perhaps today with the new season, fresh, green grass, bluer skies—maybe people will be friendlier, things will be different."

Who was it that said, "Hope springs eternal within the human breast?" Well, whoever it was, he certainly knew what he was talking about, didn't he?

The Pause That Refreshes

By Peter Rosenfeld, '53

A SHRILL buzzer sounds its ugly but long-awaited gawk, and as if the starter at a track meet had barked on "on-your-mark!" signal, hundreds of human beings gather up their belongings with one vigorous motion. Tension mounts and better footing is procured as the "get set" sign is indicated sixty seconds later by the click of a clock. One more tedious, long minute passes, and suddenly all tension is released by a second buzzer, as the throng leaps for the doors.

You would marvel at the synchronized clockwork of Pittsfield High doors, if you were to observe from the hall their exact precision, all opening at the same fraction of a second as pupils swarm into the large corridors for a breather between periods. The immediate center of attraction seems to be the water fountains, where the sexes form two lines. This is one case, however, where "ladies before gentlemen" unfortunately is not observed.

Most of the crowd tries to get in the way as much as possible and to talk as incessantly as possible in the time allotted, creating a general impression of chaos and tumult. Let us escape for a moment from the frivolous atmosphere of the halls and seek a quiet corner, where we will find the hand-in-hand romancers, who seem so impressed with each other that they are left speechless. Also deserving of our interest and observation are the teachers themselves, who take the opportunity to chat about "Johnny's attitude" or "George Washington's opinion of television's effect on homework."

Still another minority takes refuge in the lockers, where amidst the echoes of locker doors and locks opening and closing will be found the prankster who delights in putting your lock on backwards. Returning once again to the halls, we find the majority reluctantly beginning to migrate back to the

classrooms, aware that time and fate are running against them. Many are enveloped in newspapers, making one wonder if they know where they are going.

Slowly the unwilling scholars disappear into the mists of "schooldom" as the crowd in the corridor dwindles to a mere few who are determined to stretch each second as far as it will go. Indeed, the fascinating and exhausting spectacle of leaving and entering a classroom is quite beyond comparison—at least to me.

Eventually the last of the flock are herded into the classroom by the teachers, and Pittsfield High School once more takes on the dignified appearance of an educational institution.

SPRING

By Marilyn Case, '53

"Wake up, little buds," said the rain one day;
"Wake up 'cause spring is here to stay.
Put on your dresses of scarlet and gold.
Come on, the days are no longer cold."

"The robins and bluebirds merrily sing,
The brooks join in, and everything
No longer sleeps in a cold winter bed
But is awake and growing and happy instead."

Over the meadow the raindrops went falling
And everywhere you could hear them calling,
ing,

"Wake up, everybody! Wake up I say;
For spring is here, and she's here to stay!"

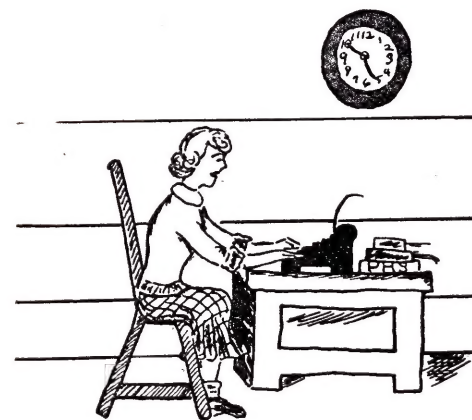
THE MOON

By Kathleen Keegan, '51

The moon up in the sky's like a glistening ball
That never goes rolling or bouncing at all.
But the silvery moon that shines in the lake
Just wriggles and rolls all night in its wake.

The Speed Test

By Delores Bernardo, '50



AH yes, the speed test! Why does this simple three-word phrase send shivers up and down the spine of every commercial student? Surely there's nothing very hard about a speed test! It consists merely of sitting down before a typewriter and typing away frantically for ten or fifteen minutes until one is stopped by a loud, clanging bell. But wait a minute, I'm getting way ahead of myself. Let's go back and start from the beginning. Here we have Susie Smith, five feet, two, with brown hair and blue eyes,—a commercial student at P.H.S. Susie plans to be a secretary and has the greatest respect for typing. Why, she can put out ten or fifteen letters in a period and think nothing of it! Her manuscripts are her teacher's delight and you ought to see her type a stencil! In short, she's a model typing student. But what happens when Susie has a speed test? Oh me, Oh my, you never saw a sadder looking girl! Let's see what happened yesterday. It was an "all wrong" day to begin with anyway. A broken shoe lace started the morning off and the rest of the day was punctuated by a series of annoying incidents. First of all, she was late for homeroom, and Miss Anderson, the Dean of Girls, gave her a big "T". Heck, that

meant she couldn't meet Joe after school for a chat over a coke. Then at lunch time what did she pull out of her lunch bag but peanut butter and jelly sandwiches! (How hungry can one get?) Depositing these in the nearest container, she ran to the lunch counter to spend her last dime on an ice cream sandwich, but they were all sold and she had to be satisfied with a melting slab of plain vanilla! Fifteen minutes later found Susie walking along the third floor corridor and into Room 338. The teacher hadn't arrived, so Susie retrieved her folder from the filing cabinet and began typing her essay on "The History of Shorthand." Things were going along just fine when suddenly Miss Stewart walked into the room, announcing, "Set your margins for 5 and 75. We're going to have a speed test today!" Yipes! the dismay hung over the room like an awesome fear!

"Oh gee, a speed test!" wailed Susie. "I did fifty words a minute last June, but right now I doubt if I can make half of that!"

Suddenly she was aware of Miss Stewart's voice filling the room. "Now take this scrap paper and practice your rhythm drill and alphabet for five minutes. Get those fingers limbered up!"

Susie set her margins with the magic margin control and hastily slipped the piece of paper into her machine. Pausing only a second to wipe her clammy hands on her red plaid skirt, she began to strike the keys on the "home row." A:SLDKFJGHFJDKSLA:, A:SLDKFJGHFJDKSLA:, over and over again she struck the "home row" keys, pausing occasionally to wipe her hands once again. Why was she so nervous? She just couldn't understand what made her feel this way. THE BIG BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG. THE BIG BROWN FOX JUMPS OVER THE LAZY DOG. The tat-tat-tat of her typewriter was beating

out a steady rhythm. Now the alphabet. Over and over again she struck the familiar keys. There was a worried look on her face as she heard Miss Stewart say, "Now, class, remove your practice paper and insert your test paper." An ominous buzzing filled the room as everyone began chattering to her neighbor about how low her score was going to be. Susie slid her paper into the roller and typed the heading for a speed test:—gross words, errors, and net speed. Coming down three lines, she indented five spaces and set a tab. Now she was ready to begin. Suddenly she wasn't nervous anymore because she realized that what she was doing was old stuff and she was an old hand at it.

"Bet I make 50" she whispered to Anne, who sat next to her.

"Bet you don't!" smiled Anne.

"Get ready, class," said Miss Stewart.

Twenty-four pairs of hands stood poised over the keyboards, anxiously awaiting for the signal to begin. A hushed silence filled the room, and once there was a sharp tap as an over-anxious finger found its way to the keyboard.

"GO!" said Miss Stewart, and all at once the room was filled with the noise and clatter that only twenty-four typewriters complete with bells and rattling keys can make. Flying fingers, flying keys, flying carriages, tinkling bells and depressed margin releases, all added their share to the noise. Susie seemed unaware that this was a speed test as her lightning fingers danced over the keyboard. She knew she would make good this time. BRRRRING! There, the clock was ringing. The test was over! She took her paper out of the machine and began to scan the lines for the dreaded errors. A check and double check revealed only two; and when Miss Stewart called for the rate of speed, it was a proud Susie that sang out, "Sixty-one with two!"

THE HOUSE OF OUR LORD

By Jane Quinn, '50

The house of our Lord
Is a beautiful abode
Be it the big city church,
Or the shrine by the road;
Be it large and ornate
Like St. Peter's in Rome,
Or a small place of worship,
It's still the Lord's home.

When tempestuous storms
In our souls start swelling,
There's always a shelter
For us in His dwelling.
When worries engulf us
And the future looks dim,
There is nothing more soothing
Than a visit with Him.

No matter the man,
Be he wealthy or poor,
Be he king or a servant,
He need just move the door;
With faith in his heart,
And a prayer on his lips
He'll find peace and contentment
When from God's cup he sips.

EASTERTIDE

By Marilyn Case, '53

Easter lilies burst in bloom
The sun shines bright once more
The flowers make a coverlet
Upon the forest floor.

The Easter bunny comes at night
His colored eggs to hide
The happy bluebirds sing their song
Of joyous Eastertide.

Aren't We Wonderful?

By Muriel Daniels, '52



WHY is it that teen-agers always seem to be such irresponsible, carefree souls? They bounce along life's highway giving everything about them a new, lighthearted twist. Let's just for the fun of it look in on one of these frolicking teen-agers. We'll call her Barbara, not for any special reason, just that the name seems to fit her. Follow me while I try to pick up the story.

Barb has just received that longed-for invitation from that most wonderful boy in town, a guy named Joe. Poor Barb had waited by the telephone for two whole weeks in hope of an invite. Then when it finally came, she was nearly speechless with delight. All she could blurt out till she regained her composure was, "Who is this?" three times.

"Oh yes, this is Barbara. Who is this? Who? Oh, Joe, how nice of you to call. What have I been doing? Oh, I've been so busy. School dances, clubs, movies, things like that . . . you know. It seems that time just slips away. One just can't seem to keep up with its swift pace, but you know how it is, Joe . . . Do I have a date for the Spring Hop? Well, I've had just oodles of invitations. But I guess I just haven't gotten around to accepting any of them. If you really want me to go with you, I guess I could manage it . . . O. K. Joe, pick me up at eight . . . good-bye now.

"Oh, motherrr, you'll never guess—it happened! I've got a date for the Spring Hop! I'm so happy!!!" (Long sigh of ecstasy).

"Thank God! Does it mean now, that the two minute deadline is finally being lifted from our telephone? Can we actually talk on it without the fear of ruining our poor little daughter's life? Are we free once more?"

"Mother, stop being so childish, you know very well that things were never like that. After all, you were young once, too. Well, weren't you?"

"Oh, I suppose so, dear. I must have been. What am I saying? Of course I was young once, and very pretty too. Why, when I first met your father . . ."

"Yes, I know, Mother, you've told me a million times. You simply swept him right off his feet. Anyway, Moms, be a sweet dear and make sure that Father minds his manners, and please, I'll just simply die dead if he tells that story again about the fish that got away. Isn't there anything that you can do? Well, try anyway. In the meantime, I've got millions of things to do. See you later, and don't do anything that I wouldn't do."

Well, folks, there she is—our American teen-ager. You've probably guessed the rest of the story by now. Joe came, Father told the story about the fish that got away, and Barb was in such a dither that she didn't even notice. Joe said a few appropriate words to her parents; then the young folks went to the dance and had a mar-r-rvelous time. He walked her home, gave her a swift peck on the cheek, took another fifteen minutes to say good-bye, and it was all over. Barb floated into the house and up to bed. That night she dreamed about a knight in shining armor who rode up on a snow-white steed, lifted her into his strong encircling arms, and carried her away to their own private dreamland to live happily ever after.

Well, I guess teen-agers will be teen-agers, and gosh, aren't we wonderful!

The Mule and I

By Lucille Ball, '51

I FEEL extremely sorry for all the poor people who have not had the good fortune to be born in the shadow of the army eagle, nor to have had the army mule for a godfather. Dad spent thirty-two years in the United States Army, and, figuratively speaking, so did I. Of course, I was aware of his army occupation for only the last few years of it, but he shared the first thirty with me by word of mouth.

Army lore and army tradition became the doctrine by which I was raised. Stories of asparagus raids on Sandy Hook when Dad was a recruit, and rum-spiked watermelons on the Mexican Border when he was a guard in Texas, took the place of "Peter Rabbit" and "The Three Bears." By the time I was five I knew how to toss dice on a blanket, filch midnight snacks from the cook-shack, and swear like a trooper. Of course you understand that the former two accomplishments were acquired without the aid of actual experience, and the latter without the conscious aid of Dad.

Of all the good times Dad and I have had together, I believe our summers spent at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, were by far the most enjoyable and certainly the most memorable. I always looked forward to a summer of infantry drill and cavalry practice, and afterwards always looked back on the three months of fun and excitement.

The last summer spent in Vermont, back in 1938 when I was five, was crowded with little incidents, most of them funny, all of them vague as to chronological order. There was the time Dad's duffle became the object of the affection of a skunk who refused to be evicted, (Dad was issued a new set of gear); the time the company's white mule ran off with the coal wagon, closely followed by a gesticulating driver, (that's where I learned

half of my objectionable language); and the time the cinch on Dad's saddle slipped while he was crossing the brook, (that's where I learned the other half).

When business took Dad off to camp alone, I was left to amuse myself at the farm where we boarded. Here, too, there were opportunities galore for enjoying oneself—picking blueberries and watching the handcars near the railroad tracks, watching our next-door neighbor care for his honey bees, and playing with Funny, the floppy-eared little cocker.

The smell of hay and dust in the stables, the chatter of a rifle range, the sound of Dad's slightly off-key rendition of "There's a Long, Long Trail a-Winding," never fail to remind me of that summer. I don't think I'd like to go back again, because the war and the passing years have wrought too many changes; but the sound of clattering hoofs and the sight of the army's famous symbol, the mule, still have the power to awaken nostalgic memories of Fort Ethan Allen, the mule, and me.

EASTER MELODY

By Kathleen Keegan

Sing a song of Easter—bluebirds in the trees;
Daffodils and tulips nodding in the breeze.
Sing a song of Easter—lilies in a row;
Lots of brightly colored eggs everywhere you go.

Sing a song of Easter—church bells in the air;
Hear the joyful voices ringing everywhere.

SURPRISE

By Marilyn Case, '53

I thought I saw an Easter egg
Underneath a stick
But as I picked it up I found
A fluffy yellow chick.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By Mary Breslin '53



"Dear Mr. X:

I realize that this is going to sound very corny and timeworn to you, but I have a serious problem. Please help me if you can. My steady, Phil, is taking me for granted—maybe he has lost interest in me completely. He never bothers to call me any more, and he rarely takes me out. I haven't seen or heard from him for three days, and I'm so miserable I can't eat or sleep. Can you help me to get his interest back, soon?

Desperately yours,

Marti Benson

47 Forrest Avenue

P.S. Please don't think that I'm just another lovestruck female. It's just that I am terribly mad about Phil, and I couldn't bear to lose him if there's anything I can do about it."

Steve Craig, man-about-campus at Halliday High, tossed the lovelorn letter into a stack of similar ones. With a sigh for poor Marti and her woes, along with a few private peevs of his own, he leaned toward his typewriter and began to pound out a response. It was the same old thing to him. In order to maintain student interest and his position as fiction editor on the school paper, he had

assumed the temporary position of Mr. X, a wise, understanding individual who had a solution to every problem. A few of the more original or appealing items he selected for use on the column, but he was under promise to answer each and every letter received, regardless of their repetition or senselessness. It was nearly a full-time job for him and his partner, Warren Brunson.

For this Marti, he could use Form No. 3, he decided. The words flowed through his fingertips almost automatically, he had typed them so many times. His mind dwelt on more immediate and pressing problems,—how soon he could get supper and get to bed.

He typed the last word, jerked the paper out, and scanned it through. "Dear Marti," it read. "It seems to me that the answer to your problem is to stir up some competition between Phil and another boy. Make him a little jealous. Accept a few dates with somebody else, and I am quite sure that you will either get him back or realize that he is not worthy of the anxiety he has caused you."

He scrawled "Mr. X" across the bottom and tossed it into the out-going pile. Selecting another letter from the lot, he leaned back and ripped it open carelessly, thinking, "Just a few more and I'll call it quits."

It was a week later, at Steve's desk. The mail had been thick in the past few days, so much so that he and Warren had been forced to admit another individual into the secret of Mr. X's identity, the same individual who now enthusiastically bore the brunt of the labor. Enheartened by so few letters to go through, Steve cheerfully selected a likely-looking one to begin with.

"Dear Mr. X,

I tried your advice and it didn't work. I have dated three nights out of four, and I haven't heard a single protest from Phil. I publicized it so widely that he must have

heard, but he just doesn't care! I can't forget him either. Oh Mr. X, will you help me? I mean really! Will you just take me out once? Even though I don't know who you are, I'm willing to take the chance, I'm that desperate. You'd be somebody new, and maybe somebody exciting, and even dumb Phil should respond to that! I am enclosing my photo for approval.

Hopefully yours,
Marti Benson
47 Forrest Avenue."

Steve gave a snort of disapproval. How far did this job go! That he should have to answer the asinine letters of lovestruck females was enough, but to have to take them out, and *personally* soothe their wrinkled brows! That was too much. But, curious, he shook the envelope that had contained the letter. The photograph dropped on the desk, and he surveyed it critically.

Hmmm-mm-m.

The scene was the same, but four days later. Steve swung into the room, whistling cheerfully. He picked up the phone book and thumbed through to the "B's". Benson, Benson, Benson—ah, here it was, 9-0653.

He put the phone book on the shelf, and sat for a moment, mentally plotting his speech. Quite a bit had happened since that evening four nights ago. He had called Marti and made a date for last night—expecting a very boring and trying evening. He had been pleasantly surprised, for Marti was a girl of a million charms—including a gorgeous face and figure, a vivacious personality, and a wonderful sense of humor. She was definitely a cute kid, he thought, but apparently not a very smart one to suppose that she could fool him, Steve Craig, with a tale about some fellow named Phil, who unfortunately never had the pleasure of existing. It was typical of a woman, but he could read her like a book. He had fallen hard for this Marti, though, so he decided to string along with her until a more opportune moment to inform her that her clever little scheme had failed.

He picked up the phone, and dialed her number. It was stupid, but he couldn't wait to hear her voice. Gads, he must have fallen hard!

"Hello?" a clear voice answered.

"Marti, this is Steve."

"Steve!" she almost shrieked. "Steve, he just called! Everything's OK now."

"Who called?" he asked stupidly.

"Why, Phil!" Steve felt a shock pass through him. "He explained everything. He really was terribly sorry. I can't talk long, because he's coming over, and I have to get ready. I just want to thank you for everything you've done. You were wonderful, Steve. We'll always be good friends, I hope. Oh, I can't thank you enough!"

"It was a pleasure," Steve replied drily.

"Steve, I really must go. Phil will be here any minute. Call me later, will you? Now be sure to call!"

"Righto," he said lightly. "Bye."

He hung up the phone, feeling strangely confused, embarrassed, and angry at the same time. All his new hopes and dreams had been smashed so suddenly! He looked at the stack of "Mr. X" mail in front of him, and swept it to the floor. "Advice to the lovelorn!" he exclaimed bitterly, and then, even more appropriately and bitterly, "Women! !"

EASTER

By Jane M. Quinn '50

What does Easter mean to you;
A hat, a suit, a dress of blue,
A corsage of flowers—so sweet and fair,
A promenade on the thoroughfare?
If this is all it means, well then
You should sit down and think again
Of that sacred place across the sea
That place, that hill, called Calvary.
That spot where He was crucified
That spot where He so nobly died.
That site that angels did adorn
Where He arose on Easter morn.

Columbia Scholastic Press Association Convention

By Nancy Quirk

ON Thursday, March 9th, the delegation from THE STUDENT'S PEN entrained for New York to attend the 26th annual Columbia Scholastic Press Association convention. This year's participants were Miss Madeline Pfeiffer and Miss Rosemary Haylon, faculty advisers, and Faith Whiting and Nancy Quirk from the editorial staff, with Patricia Daigault and Jean Trudell representing advertising.

We arrived in New York around noon Thursday and after checking in at the Vanderbilt Hotel, we went to Columbia University.

Choosing topics which interested us most as individuals, we went to various sessions. There were a wide variety of conferences and a vast number of speakers who came from the most prominent newspapers, magazines, radio stations, and advertising agencies.

Jay Jaystyn, Mr. District Attorney of the radio, spoke about the importance of newspapers and radio stations working together for a complete coverage of the news. Jinx Falkenburg and Tex McCrary told us about the aspects of interviewing. At individual sessions, men and women from the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*; *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* magazines; and New York's biggest and best radio stations covered every phase of editorial writing, reporting, photography and advertising policy.

On Friday morning the bulletin board in Low Memorial Library at Columbia was the place where the winners of the prizes in the competition were to be announced. We approached the bulletin board filled with one-half trepidation and one-half confidence and retreated without the trepidation. THE STUDENT'S PEN had taken another first for the twelfth successive year—a tribute to all con-

tributors and staff and especially to our faculty advisers.

The luncheon for all delegates at the Waldorf-Astoria climaxed the convention. General Dwight D. Eisenhower, President of Columbia University, was the speaker. He told us many things that happened to him in the army and after he became president of Columbia. One of the things he mentioned that seemed to impress his listeners most was a letter he received from a man asking him why he had his picture taken all the time with an ear-to-ear grin. In these times of atomic and hydrogen bombs, the letter stated, the general ought to have a more serious expression. The president of Columbia University said he never knew any problems that were solved by a scowling face. "Smile, you'll feel better," was his reply.

On the social side of our weekend, Thursday night we dined at Town and Country and then went to the theater to see the musical laugh hit, "Where's Charley?" The students especially enjoyed this one because Ray Bolger was so obliging about encores and did "Once in Love with Amy" with the attitude that he was having as much fun as the audience. On Friday night, after dinner at Toots Shor's, we attended the performance of "The Velvet Glove", which we enjoyed.

The whole trip was made possible through the generosity of *The Berkshire Evening Eagle*. Their farsightedness has been invaluable. Meeting other school paper personnel and looking over their publications has proved a valuable asset to us.

The delegates to the convention sincerely hope that they will be able to pass on the information which they received, and we hope that THE PEN can continue its string of victories to a lucky thirteen.

CAREER CORNER



THE HONORABLE CHARLES R. ALBERTI

Entering the office of Judge Charles R. Alberti, one cannot help but stare in awe at the walls which are lined from ceiling to floor with law books. On the center of the left wall are hung various gubernatorial proclamations and diplomas, which add to the impressiveness of the room. Attorney Alberti's large desk is situated at the side of the room opposite the entrance from the reception room, and in front of windows overlooking West Street.

Judge Alberti graduated from Pittsfield High School in June, 1915, after which he entered Williams College. He worked his way through college, and after graduation he entered Harvard Law School. He made his decision to become a lawyer while in college and has never regretted it. In the summer of 1922 Mr. Alberti took the bar examinations and passed on his first attempt, a feat which is accomplished by only about half of the graduates of law schools. He then entered the firm of Cummings & Rosenthal to gain experience before starting out on his own. "In law school one is taught the essentials of law, but

one must learn for himself the 'modus operandi' or manner of conducting a business," explains Judge Alberti.

In January, 1934 Mayor Allen H. Bagg appointed Mr. Alberti City Solicitor. This was an especially difficult position because at that time the city had obtained a new charter, and he had to become acquainted with both the old and new charters. Mr. Alberti devoted all his time to his general practice from 1938 until January 1943, when he became District Attorney for Berkshire and Hampden counties. He was re-elected to this position in November, 1946, and served until December, 1947, when he resigned to become Presiding Justice of the District Court of Central Berkshire.

A typical day for Judge Alberti begins at 9 o'clock when court convenes. Criminal cases, such as speeding, are disposed of first; then civil cases are heard. Juvenile Court is in session on Saturday. After court adjourns, which may be in an hour or late in the afternoon, Judge Alberti resumes his law practice in the Berkshire Life Insurance Co. building.

"When starting out on his own a lawyer must have perseverance and persistence to build up his practice and to acquire his clients' good will," said Mr. Alberti. He went on to explain that a lawyer earns enough money to live comfortably, but if anyone desires to be really wealthy, he should not enter that profession, as much of the recompense is satisfaction in helping others. While Judge Alberti does not consider himself an authority on the opportunities that are open in the law profession at this time, he feels that there is always room for someone who is willing to face an extremely difficult mental challenge and to offer his services to his community.

What Employers Want

OF all the people who graduate from high school in Pittsfield, eighty percent stay here for a job. Inquiries made to some thirteen thousand employees and several hundred employers, in almost four hundred different kinds of jobs, revealed exactly what characteristics are considered important and most desirable when a person is applying for a job.

Since more people are employed for a full time job at the age of eighteen, the findings should interest all high school students who are planning to go right to work after graduation. And, while we are on the subject, it might be well to note that although some jobs can be done by a person who has completed the eighth grade, so many high school graduates want those particular jobs that employers will take the high school graduates in preference to those who have not had as much education. Today, a high school diploma is of paramount importance. In fact, whatever you have done in school will be an asset to you when you are looking for a job with a future.

The findings show that the most important things to consider when you decide what job you want are the following: personality—this applies to all kinds of jobs; your scholastic record, along with an indicated promise of development; experience, which includes any extra-curricular activities at school and, very important, any part-time job you have held. When employers realize you have had to work for your money, they think you must have a good idea of the value of money. Ability to co-operate with others is a most important requirement. More people are released from jobs because of failure to get along with others than because of their lack of skill. Qualified recommendations are often asked for. To fulfill the "qualified" part, a person giving the recommendation must be some one who is respected highly. More

often than not recommendations are referred to, and the person who gave it must be able to give a good reason for doing so.

The personal interview, too, can influence the employer. He will notice your appearance, manner, voice, speech, friendliness, and tact. It is well to have on a piece of paper such personal information as your birthdate, birthplace, and social security number. When the interview comes to an end, it is not a good idea to prolong it because the employer is a busy man.

After you are fortunate enough to get the job, certain things are expected of you. In school, seventy percent may have been all right to pass, but in your job you are expected to use 100% of your skill. If you want eight hours' pay, then you are expected to give eight hours' work. That also means that your attendance should be regular and agreeable.

The employer, also, expects to live up to his end of the deal. It is his duty to see that the employees receive adequate pay and benefits and good working conditions.

During the first few crucial weeks, while you are trying to adapt yourself to a new way of life, your employer will be helping you to get adjusted. He recognizes his responsibilities at this time and makes every attempt to smooth out all wrinkles that may prevent you from doing your very best on the job.

By being conscientious and punctual and making a sincere and vigorous effort to learn, the relationship between you and your employer will be much more pleasant. If you want to make suggestions about any particular things, make them diplomatically. Remember, the employer can provide you with your job, but the rest is up to you.

WHO'S WHO



CLASS DAY CHAIRMEN

Heading the Class Day Program are these two efficient seniors—Marion Felton and John Salatino. Marion is active on school affairs and serves as a homeroom representative. Her favorite subject is German, and she just loves "cheeseburgers!" Her plans for the future include college, and she is off to an excellent start by coming out "tops" in the Safety Quiz of March 5th.

John is a commercial course student who also serves as a homeroom representative. Besides enjoying anything his mother cooks, he particularly likes bookkeeping with Miss Carmel.

"JAY"

Here is one of the well known seniors, Jason Reder, better known to his friends as "Jay." Most of you will remember him in the senior play, "Meet Me In St. Louis," which also happens to be the title of his favorite song. He is the manager of the baseball team, Co-editor of Boys' Sports for THE STUDENT'S PEN and Yearbook. Last year he was chairman of decorations for the Junior Prom.

"Jay's" favorite pastime is loafing and listening to the Dodgers play. His pet peeve is gossip, and for a favorite subject, "Jay" thinks history is tops.

As to the future "Jay" says, "Harvard, I hope!" and so do we.



"ROE"

This very sociable looking young man is Robert Reagan, known to his friends as "Roe." "Roe", a member of the Student Council, also holds the office of President of the Junior Class. His many likes include spaghetti and meat balls, chemistry, and all of his teachers. His favorite pastime is sleeping.

After graduation next year he plans to go to college. Good luck, "Roe."

April, 1950

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ATHLETE

If you've ever been in the gym during "A" periods or after school, you certainly must have come in contact with Theresa Malumphy, better known as "Tess".

"Tess" has made the volleyball, field hockey, and swimming teams in her sophomore, junior, and senior years. She was on the softball team her first two years, and she is now trying for the basketball team. Swimming and softball top her list of favorite sports.

Her ambition, which all of us believe she has already fulfilled, is to be a good loser.



"ZEVIE"

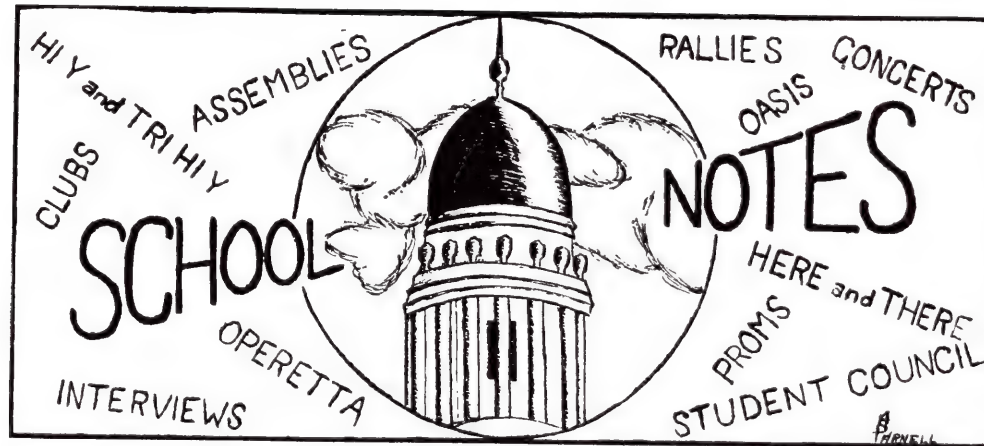
You've seen him on the football field—you've seen him on the basketball court—and you'll soon see him on the baseball diamond. Here he is, students—Joseph Zavattero! "Zevie," as he is known by all his teammates, loves to eat Italian food, especially ravioli. He tells me his favorite subject in school is "6th period". This is due to the fact that Joe seems to have a "special interest" in the cafeteria around this time. (She's a good cheerleader, too!) Joe hopes to go into professional baseball. Here's wishing you loads of luck!

"REET" and "WALT"

With Lorita Martinelli and Walter Weeks as co-chairmen of the Senior Prom and Banquet, the seniors can rest assured that this event will be a great success. "Reet" has been one of our snappy cheerleaders for the past two years, as well as a member of the Senior Class Council, THE STUDENT'S PEN Staff and the Who's Who committee for the yearbook.

"Walt" Weeks is also a very busy member of the Senior Class, being a homeroom representative and a member of the ring committee. Remember Mr. Duffy in "Meet Me In St. Louis?" That too was our Walt. Following the Red Sox is his favorite pastime and eating french fries, another.





JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

The fact that the Junior Class organized late doesn't seem to be any handicap. The members of the committees have been "busy as beavers" making plans which will be disclosed presently.

At a recent meeting of the Junior Class Council, Patricia Farrell was elected chairman of the ring committee; and Joan Phair and Robert Stumpek were chosen to head the Good Will committee.

Janet Hodecker and John Ferguson, co-chairmen of the Junior Prom, which will be held May fifth, have selected their committee chairmen. They are Kathleen Keegan, invitation; Emily Dennis, publicity; Jean Tuggey, refreshments; Caryl Leidhold, reception; Dean Martin, checking; Carol Tulley and Glenn Hoag, decorations; Judith Cook and Robert Stumpek, music and programs; Sally McCambridge and Elliott Perrett, tickets.

Get your tickets from the committee, as no tickets will be sold at the door.

SAFETY QUIZ

The Massachusetts Casualty Insurance Companies and the Massachusetts Registry of Motor Vehicles are co-sponsoring a state-wide safety campaign, called the "Forum for Living." The sponsors have provided scholarship awards in addition to U.S. Savings Bonds. The contest was open to high school seniors who had an opportunity to enter a written safety examination with results

to be judged by people in each of the seven competing areas within the state.

The following seniors are representing P.H.S. on the Sunday afternoon half-hour radio quiz shows over station WBRK: Doris Byrde, Ralph Cianflone, Lawrence Coty, Beverly Dixon, Marion Felton, Judith Giegeritck, Dorothy Metallo, Carolyn Morrison, Paul Nesbit, Robert Roe, J. Lawrence Russell, Virginia Sadlowski, Barbara Silver, Shirlee M. Slater, Ida Van Buren, and Kenneth Wich, Jr.

MUSIC

As the spring of the year 1950 approaches, we find a number of musical programs on the agenda for Pittsfield High. The Orchestra concert on March 24th, filled the auditorium with its beautiful, sweet music, as the first of the programs.

Following this will be the Choral concert, which will be given by the Girls' Glee Club on May 12. This will feature songs by selective voices and a few instrumental solos. The Band concert isn't until June 9th this year, but doubtlessly it will be done with perfection, under the able direction of Mr. F. Carl Gorman.

As a special treat this year, it is expected that the members of the band and orchestra will go to Northampton, on May 13th, by way of three Yellow Cab buses, to compete in the Western Massachusetts Musical Festival.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class Council the committee chairmen for the oncoming "gala affairs" were chosen. Heading the Class Day program are Marion Felton and John Salatino. Joyce Mosca and Marion Pelizarro are in charge of the Cap and Gown Committee, while Walter Weeks and Lorita Martinelli were chosen co-chairmen of the Senior Class Prom and Banquet. These chairmen have already selected their committees, and all are diligently at work in completing their projects.

The seniors were given their T.B. Patch Tests on Monday, March 6, and the results of them were revealed the following Friday.



MR. ROBERT GAGE

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

If you see a few students of Pittsfield High walking in the halls, with heads held erect, and you notice, too, a small flash of gold as they go by, you can be assured they are members of the Motion Picture Club. The flash of gold was a pin bearing a small design of an Oscar. As another attraction, the club has subscribed to a magazine, "The Exhibitor," which aids them in selecting movies worth seeing.

The pictures selected for the month of February were "Always Leave Them Laughing," "Sands of Iwo Jima", and "The Forsyte Woman." Those selected for March were "The Red Shoes," and "On the Town." Donald Resse, chairman of the program committee, led the discussions on the pictures.

During the March 3rd meeting, the members announced their selections for the best actor, actress, and picture of the year. They are Roger Crawford for his performance in "All The Kings' Men"; Jeanne Crain for her performance in "Pinky," and the picture "Pinky."

The club welcomes visitors and new members.

MEET THE FACULTY

Meet the man behind the engaging grin, Mr. Robert T. Gage, one of the newer teacher additions to P. H. S. Mr. Gage attended Pittsfield public schools, Andover Academy, and graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he majored in Industrial Engineering. After several years of industrial experience he became a member of the patent office at the radiation laboratory at M.I.T., where during the latter part of the last war he conducted research on radar. Coming to P.H.S. in 1949, Mr. Gage now teaches twenty-eight classes a week of C.P. Physics. His favorite pastime is either arguing or discussing politics and building phonograph amplifiers. To have company and listen to good records, whether they be classical, popular or swing, is another favorite diversion. A wife and two sons, aged three and five, keep Mr. Gage very busy. Being an engineer he finds is a distinct advantage in repairing household damages incurred by two lively youngsters. He simply loves teaching at P.H.S. and has only one comment to make "I haven't conked anybody over the head with my cane yet, but I'm long overdue! !" Duck, kids, duck!

TRI-HI-Y NOTES

Alpha has been busy with plans for a Canasta party. Also on their schedule is a movie party and a handwriting analysis session.

Beta's annual "Sadie Hawkins Dance," held on March 31, was a huge success, thanks to Pat Daignault, chairman of the event. Coralie Howe spoke to the club on modeling and fashions; and a spaghetti supper at the Busy Bee Restaurant was also enjoyed by the club members. Congratulations are in order for Joan Rosa, Carnival Queen, and Pat Farrell, Oasis Valentine Queen.

Delta is going ahead with plans for a "Bunny Hop," an Easter Monday dance to be held at the "Y" on April 10, with music by Fran Martin. Joan Connors is chairman of this event. Tickets are \$1.20 per couple and may be purchased from members or at the door that night. Delores Bernardo was chairman of a recent hayride which was followed by a dance and refreshments at the clubrooms for members and guests. A mother and daughter banquet was held on March 22, with a large group in attendance for the covered dish supper and entertainment. Glenda Gaviorno was in charge of arrangements.

Gamma will hold an Easter Egg hunt for the children of the Day Nursery. Recently the members enjoyed a scavenger hunt and a demonstration on hairstyles by a well known hairdresser. Ruth Anne Pharmer was chairman of the "Snow Flurry Dance," held in February, with a large crowd in attendance.

Sigma is very proud to have "Miss Pittsfield" as one of its members. Carol O'Donnell, representing all the Tri-Hi-Y's, was chosen "Miss Pittsfield" at the Lions Club Variety Show. Fern O'Donnell was named chairman of a slumber party to be held May 12 at Camp Sumner. A St. Patrick's Day party was held by the club and "a good time was had by all."

Zeta gave a "Leprechaun Dance" on March 15, which was a great success. A

king and queen of the Emerald Isle were crowned. Ann Albano was chairman of this event. Also on Zeta's calendar is a spaghetti supper, a social with Drury, and a going away party for Miss Pat Hoar, the club's assistant adviser. Club pictures will be taken soon.

HOW DOES SPRING AFFECT YOU?

JOAN GAUDETTE—Makes me hate homework, 'Course, I love it now.

GEORGE ROCCA—Makes me happy.

LUCY BROWER—Makes me get my work "Don."

NEIL CLARK—Doesn't bother me.

NANCE BUSSIER—Makes me think of the freedom I'll have.

BOB TURNER—I feel like sleeping.

JOYCE CANAVAN—Gives me a "Rossy" future.

BUCK WHITE—All ways.

BARB ADAMS—Leaves me book-free.

VIN CHARCHEDI—Haven't felt it yet.

NORMA BOLING—It doesn't; it's the after effects.

DON CONWAY—Makes me soooooo tired!

BARB CLARK—Makes me like "Jim" class.

TOM LAWSON—I'm immune.

BETTY COLLINS—Makes me feel so "Gene"-ial.

MYRON SHINDLER—Very pleasant. More sleep.

MARY PINNA—What spring???

KARL HAMILTON—Got me in a dither over N. Adams.

SHIRLY PULLANO—Romance.

AL DE FREST—Makes me feel like getting out!

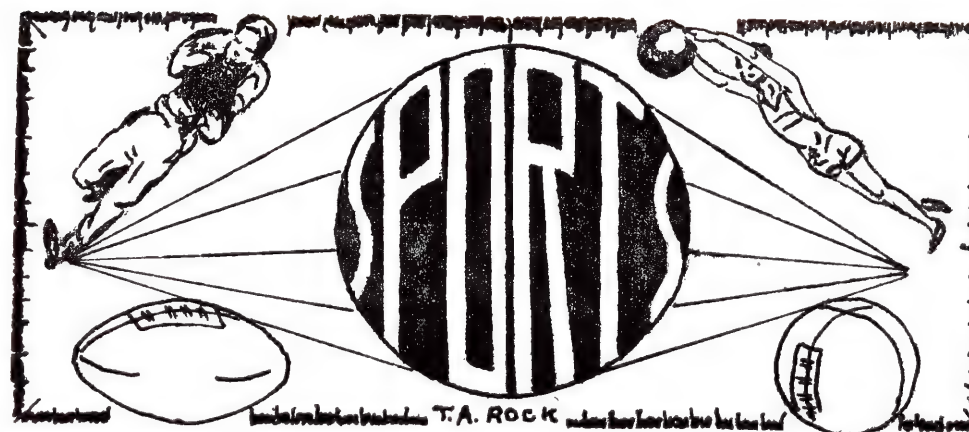
PAT J. FARRELL—I see the budding "LEE"ves come out.

NATURE'S CARE

By Kathleen Keegan

Two big drops of April rain
Fell into a tulip cup.

The sun came out and with it came
A thirsty bee to drink them up.



HOCKEY REVIEW

By Charles Steady, '50

Led by Coach Carmody, Pittsfield High's hockey team had a successful, though an abbreviated, season. After becoming disgusted from waiting for the weatherman to give Pittsfield the cold-shoulder and freeze some ice, the Purple Pucksters went south and played Lenox. Lack of experience and wobbly ankles caused them to be edged out 3-2. Both Pittsfield goals were pitched in by Al Goerlach.

Then the boys were invited to the R. P. I. Fieldhouse to play. There they won three games out of three. The first was against Albany Academy. The score was 4-2, with goals being made by Steve Pytko, who had two, Glen Hogue and Al Goerlach.

LaSalle, Pittsfield's next victim, was conquered 6-0. Goalie Frank Root was credited with a neat shutout. Hogue made 3 goals; Goerlach, Ron Allen and Joe Lavelle had one each.

In a return match, LaSalle saved face and made one goal while the now red-hot P. H. S. team riddled the LaSalle goalie with 12 points. Who made the goals? Goerlach 3, Pytko and Lavelle 2 apiece, and five others each rang up one. The modest managers, both seniors, Carlyle Perrault and Fran Messer, admitted only a 6-1 score to the Eagle.

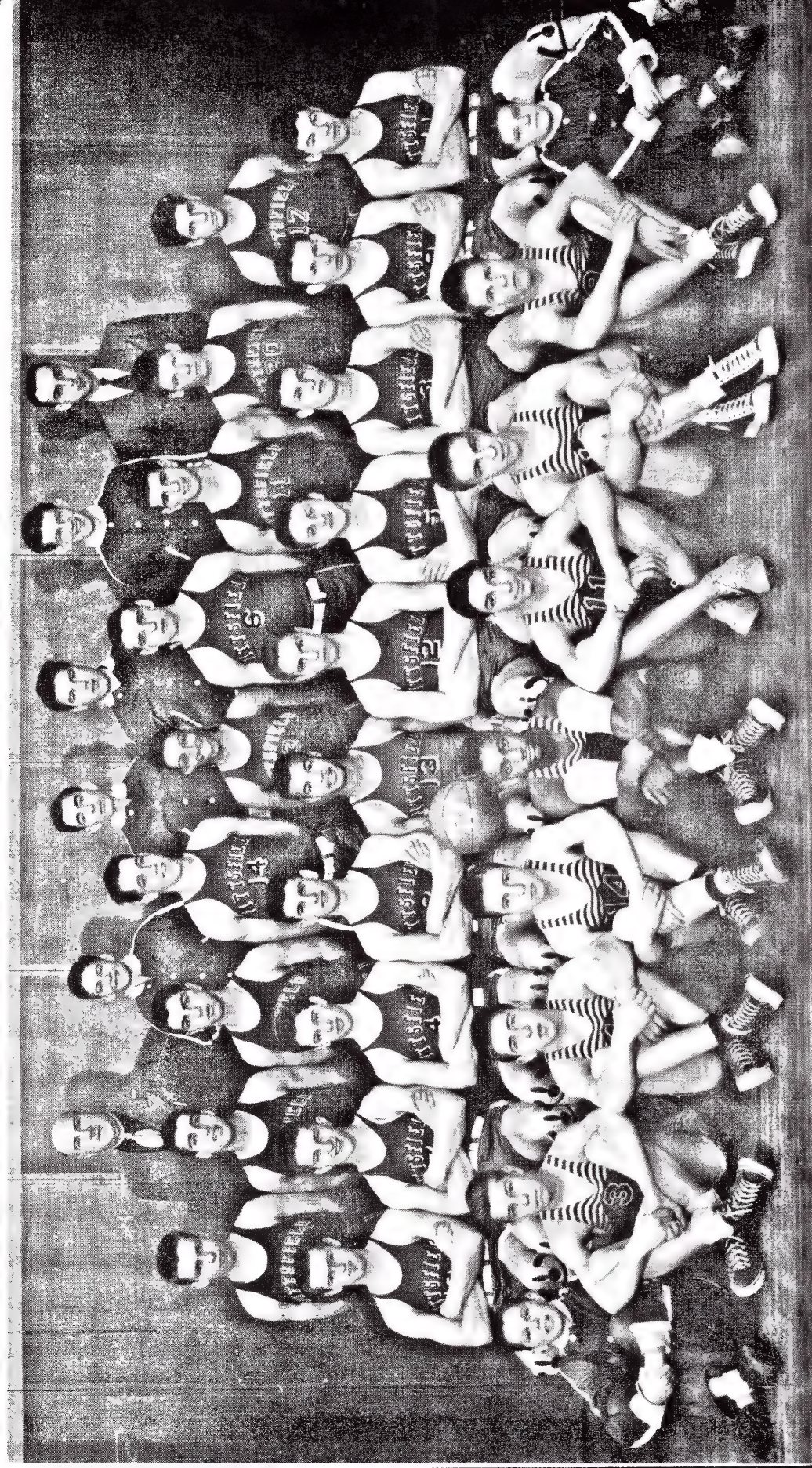
Many hockey fans were disappointed that the team couldn't play any home games, but

Coach Carmody said that all scheduled games fell through (the ice, fellows).

P. H. S. SKI TEAM COMPETES
IN TWO MEETS

The P. H. S. ski team participated in the Berkshire County Interscholastic Meet on February 3rd and 4th. The team lost by a small margin to Middlebury High School of Middlebury, Vermont. In a field of ten teams Middlebury emerged the victor by less than one point. Following Middlebury were Pittsfield, Kingswood, Deerfield, and Berkshire. Middlebury won the cross country and jumping, while Pittsfield took the downhill and slalom. Ken Wilde of Pittsfield won the downhill and slalom. Paul Wagenknecht of Pittsfield and Gary Swanson of Middlebury received first place ribbons in the jumping and cross country respectively.

In the New England Interscholastic Ski Meet held on Feb. 17th and 18th P. H. S. took eighth place in competition with eleven top notch teams. Lebanon High School, Gould Academy, and Hanover High School took first, second, and third places respectively. Ken Wilde placed eleventh in the combined individual totals. The meet was to be held in Pittsfield, but because of adverse weather conditions, Coach Bridgham, who was going to run the meet, decided to move it to Lyndonville, Vermont.



PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM

First Row: Manager J. Weatherwax, W. Morgan, J. Brennan, R. Storie, J. Williamson, S. Triharas, L. Kryznoski, T. Bossidy, Manager Williams.
 Second Row: R. Russell, A. Ferdyn, G. Yannone, J. Lavattaco, Captain D. Morehead, J. Viani, J. Massimiano, R. Snook, J. Kriger, C. Sheran.
 Third Row: W. Grady, R. Magri, P. Gabriel, R. Barossa, C. Mayes, R. Ross, C. Garivaltis, L. Bossidy, M. Di Angelis.
 Fourth Row: Coach Fox, Manager P. Shaffer, Manager Boschetti, Manager A. Nugai, Manager R. O'Boyle, J. V. Coach Hickey.

P. H. S. DOWNS ADAMS

By Jay Reder

In as exciting a game as will ever be seen at the State Armory, the Pittsfield High basketball squad defeated a strong Adams High five by the score of 39 to 30. This game, played on January 25, knocked Adams from the ranks of the unbeaten and left the locals in sole possession of first place in the Northern Berkshire League.

The first half of the contest was a see-saw affair. The score changed hands many times during this period. Pittsfield, however, forged ahead at the half by the score of sixteen to fifteen. In the third period, the tide of battle turned. Sparked by left-forward Buddy Sheran, Pittsfield broke the tight Adams zone defense and raced to a 28-22 lead at the three-quarter mark. In this third period, the high scoring Adams team was held to but one field goal and five foul shots. Pittsfield continued their blistering attack in the final period as they led at one time by a margin of twelve points.

Buddy Sheran, playing his finest game of the year, was an outstanding performer both offensively and defensively. Buddy threw in five field goals and passed to many more, aside from being a strong man off the backboards. "Skitch" Yannone held the scoring honors for Pittsfield once again as he netted sixteen points on six goals and four free throws. Joe Zavattaro pitched in with ten points from his guard position. High scorer for the Adams "Redmen" was the sensational sophomore "Chet" Bury. He scored eleven points on four goals and three foul shots.

The Pittsfield JV's won their contest by the score of 35-26.

THE PURPLE EDGES DRURY 33-28

By Art Johnson

The P. H. S. basketball team defeated Drury High 33-28 on February 10 in North Adams. Pittsfield led all the way after overcoming an early 2-0 deficit. The Foxmen led 9-4 at the close of the first period but never

managed to launch a real pullaway. Drury was menacing throughout the second quarter, which ended 14-11 in favor of the Purple. In the final eight minutes Coach Charley Boisvert's five out-scored their highly regarded rival eight to seven.

"Skitch" Yannone and Joe Zavattaro shared scoring honors with nine each. Buddy Sheran was next with eight. George Petropoulos, the all-Berkshire football tackle, who has been a real find at center in his first year of varsity basketball, led Drury with 11 points.

Play was rough most of the way with 22 fouls called, 12 on Pittsfield, 10 on Drury.

P. H. S. UPSET BY ST. JOSEPH'S

By Jay Reder

St. Joseph's High, playing their usual inspired game, put on an exhibition of basketball February 15th, as they upset their city rivals, Pittsfield High, by the score of thirty to twenty-nine. Pittsfield got off to a fast start as they raced to an 11-5 lead at the end of the first period. St. Joseph's came alive in the second period and, playing terrific offensive and defensive ball, forged ahead at the half by the score of 17-14.

Pittsfield tied the score 19-19 after six minutes of the third period, but the stubborn fighters from St. Joe went ahead again. The fourth period saw St. Joe continue its supremacy over Pittsfield as the parochial school led at times by a margin of five points. In the last three minutes of the contest Pittsfield pressed all over the court in order to get their hands on the ball. With approximately fifteen seconds left, Joe Viani dunked in a field goal for Pittsfield which to all appearances tied the game at twenty-nine all. However, at the end of the game the scoreboard and the St. Joseph's scorebook showed St. Joe to be the winner by the score of 30-29. The disputed point seemed to be a foul shot attempted by Fred Broderick in the closing minutes of the contest. The shot was missed, but at the time there was a great deal of con-

fusion at the scorer's table. Bob O'Boyle, Pittsfield manager, was screened on the shot and could not tell whether it counted. Fran Nichols, St. Joseph's manager, told Bob that Ron Codella had scored the shot for St. Joseph's. That went down in the Pittsfield scorebook as well as the St. Joe book, which was the official book. The referees, after viewing these books at the end of the contest, declared St. Joseph's to be the winner of the contest by the score of thirty to twenty-nine.

Fred Broderick and "Skitch" Yannone were high for their respective teams with ten points each.

The preliminary contest saw the Pittsfield JV's win an equally close contest by the score of twenty-nine to twenty-seven.

ADAMS TOPS PITTSFIELD 25 TO 22

By Jim Cederstrom

In the contest for the Northern Berkshire Championship on the night of February 17th, Adams High's zone defense proved superior to Pittsfield's set-shooting game, and the men of Coach Bill Boehner won a hard-fought 25 to 22 decision. The purple passed and shot expertly in the first half and led 13 to 10 at that point, but in the two final periods they could seemingly do nothing right. They had but one floor goal in the entire second half. The home team used its height to good advantage off both boards, an important factor in such a low-scoring game.

With Joe Zavattaro hitting on two distance shots P.H.S. led 5 to 4 at the quarter. Charles "Buddy" Sheran swished two set-shots and Zavattaro pushed two in to swell the count to 13 to 10 at halftime. Pittsfield worked the ball well but in the remainder of the game was unable to penetrate Adams' one-two-two zone.

Adams came back in the second half to play inspired ball. Sub Vin Zajac set the pace for

period three and Chet Bury for the final stanza. Each tossed in a pair of hoops. George "Skitch" Yannone made the only basket for Coach Fox' warriors on a driving lay-up in the waning seconds of the third quarter. Zavattaro's two conversions, which made the score 19 to 18, marked the last time that P.H.S. led in the contest. Bury put the game on ice with a fine rebound and a lay-up moments later.

Zavattaro led the scorers with three shots of each denomination, while Sheran with six and Yannone, who garnered five, assisted him greatly. Big Joe Koczela had eight and Bury seven for the victors. Koczela, incidentally clinched the league scoring championship by edging Yannone by six points.

Neither team shone from the foul line. Pittsfield hit on eight out of 19 while Adams could make but 11 of its 26.

DICK SNOOK TO CAPTAIN '51 CAGERS

Dick Snook, substitute guard on this year's basketball quintet, was elected captain of next season's team at a meeting of the letter-men after the season's final game. He will be one of four hold-overs from the 1950 squad.

Dick does not devote all his athletic talent to the basketball court, however. He was a three-sport athlete at Crane Junior High, and last fall he did a fine job as understudy to quarterback Tony Ferdyn. This spring he will act as assistant-manager to the defending Massachusetts Champion baseball team.

Much of Dick's time during the spring and summer is spent on the golf course. He was a mainstay on Coach Carmody's golf team last spring.

His sterling personality, quick wit, and ability for leadership will all contribute to his success as captain of next year's hoopsters. Here's wishing you lots of luck, Dick!

Girls' Sports

BASKETBALL

Almost any day after school you can go down to the girls' gym and see a basketball game. The round robin tournament is in full swing. Catherine Mierzejewski, Tessie Malumphy, Rita Biron, and Dot Wowk are some of the seniors who seem to be playing real basketball. Libera Principe, Mary Zofrea, Lillian Gaudette, and Jean Blanchard, with a little more practice, will make good material for the juniors. As for the sophomores, Eveleyne Hubbard, "Baitsee" Woitkowski, and Eleanor Persip manifest a little more skill than the others. Who will come out with the winning team—the seniors, juniors, or sophomores?

SET THEM UP ON SEVEN

With only a month remaining before the bowling tournament, the girls are still going strong. The tournament will be in April, when the high team for each day will compete for the championship trophy.

To date, there are four teams in the lead, each having a perfect score of all wins and no defeats. There is a tie between the Monday teams of the "Alley Cats," consisting of Joan Mosca, Peggy Stewart, Shirley Snow, Nancy Quirk, Gerry Girard, and the "P.H.S. Rockets"—Anna Bruzzi, Barbara and Clementine Fox, Connie Frieir, and Lois Janssen. On Tuesday the "Five Spars," with Nina Sachetti, Mary Monti, Mary Fitzsimmons, Marion Felton, and Mary Aulisi, have an open field, being the only team in the lead. The "Wows," who lead Wednesday's teams, came in second in the tournament last year and hope to make it one place higher this year. They are Joan and Lillian Gaudette, JoAnne C. Skowron, Sophie Deminoff, and Virginia Levernoch.

SPLASH! SPLASH!

With their swimming practice almost at an end, the girls are preparing for an interclass meet some time in April.

It will include various events, such as the breast stroke, backstroke, and free style. For the girls who are brave there will also be diving. They may do jackknives, flips, swans, or any other optional dives.

The seniors, as usual, have the most girls coming; sophs and juniors are about even in number. The girls who are making progress and show vim and vigor are Tess Malumphy, "Amazon" Sultaire, Marion Felton, and Judy Milne, seniors; Barb Sears, Beverly May, Barbara Dube, Eilen Hogan, and Lil Gaudette, juniors; Ann Everest, Nancy Quirk, and Shirley Borden, sophs.

ON A BASKETBALL GAME

By Marcia Fink

The time was short, the game was tied, and a Sub he was that's all.

But he would show them he could play,

If he could just get that ball.

Would they? Yes, they passed to him.

Take careful aim he would,

For with just two minutes left to play

He had to make it good.

The crowd thrust up a rapturous yell,

But listen he could not;

He had to concentrate upon

That very special shot.

He paused one second, then the ball

From his hand unheeded sped,

Through the hoop and to the floor.

And then!—his face turned red!

For the crowd not only booed at him,

But cast angry looks beside,

For he had added two more points

To the score of the other side.

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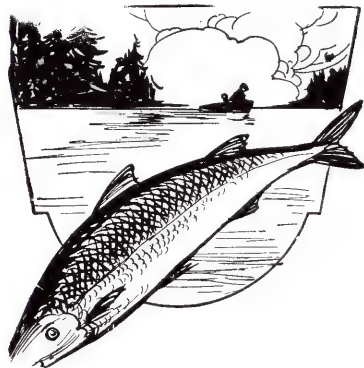
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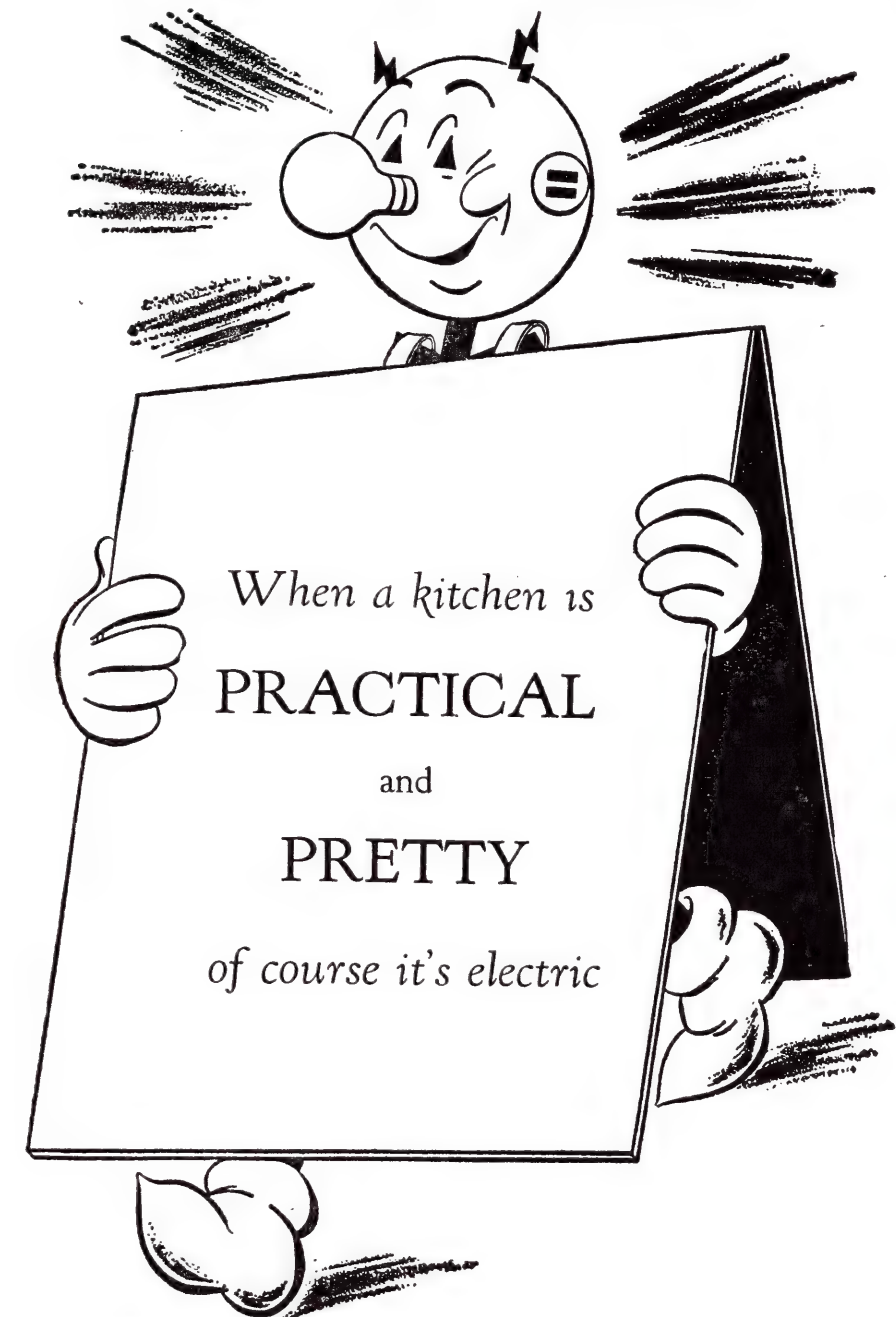
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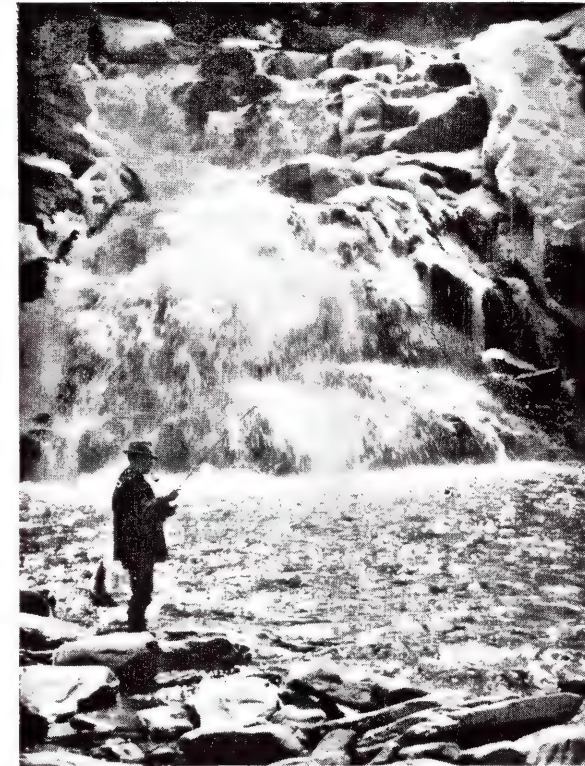
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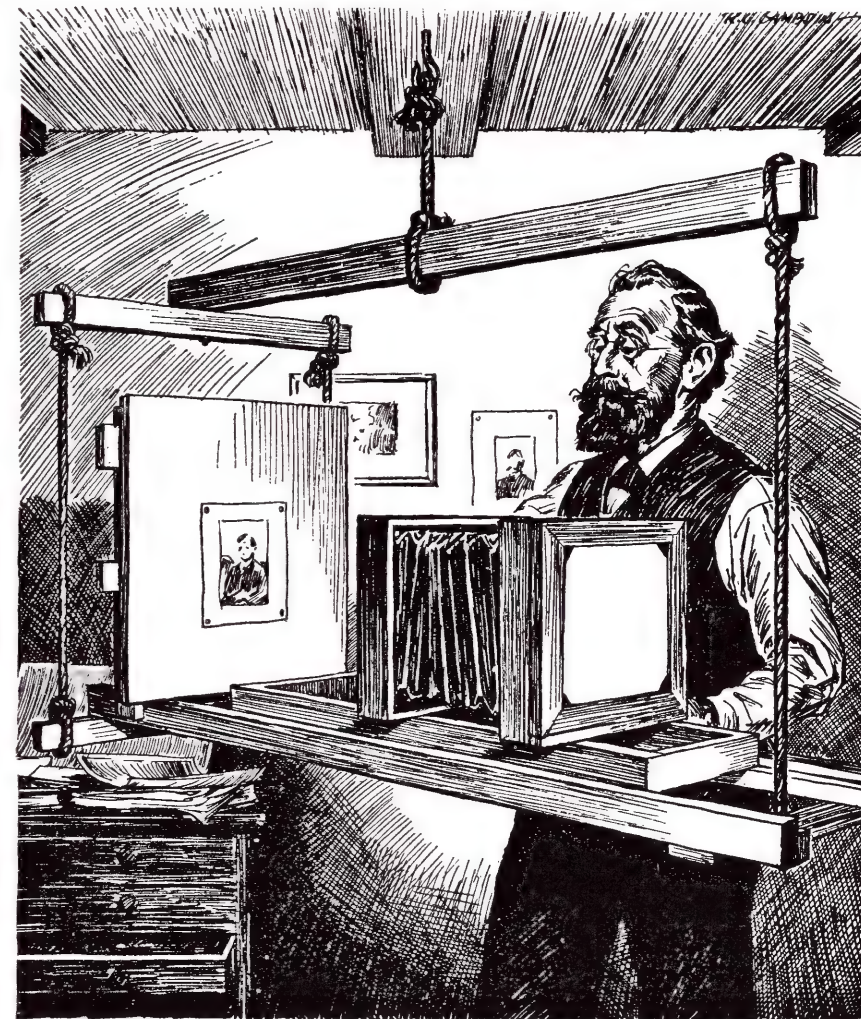
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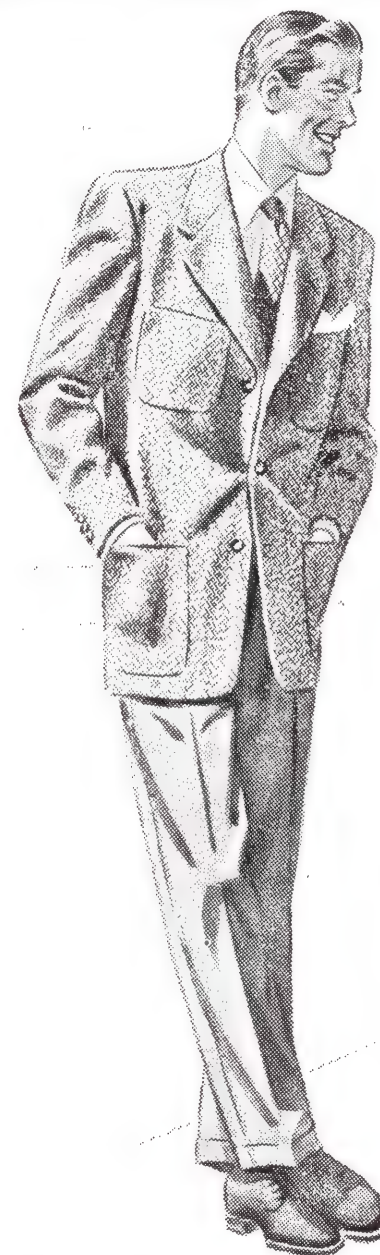
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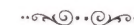
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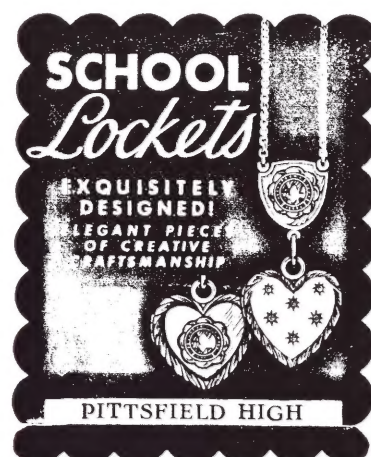
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